

An open book but encrypted

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I love to be with you...
is it because you're pretty?
or special?
or nice?
or will it be that you're so smart?
is it because you always have
something intelligent to say?

No, you already know that
and it's what you expect them
to say about you.

I like you
owing to your such a strange way
of seeing the world
'cause you baffle me
all the time
and I never know
what to tell you.

I don't understand you
and for precisely that reason
I like you
for what you are to me:
a great mystery.

You are so sincere
when you talk
but your eyes
are saying otherwise
you're elusive
and I can't
figure you out
when I read you
while I look at you.

You are an open book
but encrypted
I like to push myself
to reveal who you are
and even though I never know it
I feel so good by your side
'cause besides
you're a good listener too.